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To Ted White, An Apology:

Stellar
107 Christopher Street
New York 14,
New York

Stellar Enterprises
Box 336
Berkeley 1,
California

Dear Gentlemen,

I don't know to whom this letter is going, but whatever its destination, I think its purpose will be clear enough.

In the latest issue of F&SF (10th Annish) and in the latest AMRA appears an ad for NEW FRONTIERS, with the above address. The only publishing credit is given to "Stellar Enterprises."

I'd like to inform you that I have been publishing effectively since 1955 a fanzine called STELLAR, which has seen thus far 31 issues in general circulation. The title was changed to STELLAR from the previous ZIP, which ran seven issues. Five issues were large and devoted primarily to fan-fiction (ie, fiction about fans), following issues were of a more general nature as Harlan Ellison's DIMENSIONS, and my own newsheet, GAFIA, were absorbed. During this period, STELLAR has printed articles by Randy Garrett, "Harold van Dall (AJBudrys), Harlan Ellison, Sam Moskowitz, and a number of others noted for professional material. To obtain a quasi protection for the name, several issues were copyrighted.

Granted that copyrights cannot cover a name alone, the fact remains that for close to four years, and over a total of 31 issues, a fanzine has been published called STELLAR, and its content in many ways overlapped that projected for NEW FRONTIERS.

Therefore I am asking that you consider changing the name of your publishing outfit, or whatever, to something different--perhaps more appropriate to the title of your fanzine. I am not about to issue lawsuits over the matter, but it does seem only fitting in avoiding confusion.

Whatever your decision, I would appreciate hearing from you on this (as well as finding out who lurks behind that imposing title).

yhos,

Ted E. White

And so Stellar Enterprises has become Terra House, has anyone any objections?

PAPER

SPACE SHIP

POUL ANDERSON

Heaven knows, science fiction would soon lose its vitality--and its readers, including me--were it to confine itself narrowly to any one man's definition of what "is" science fiction. Everything from the most rigorous logical development of an assumption to the most outrageous farce, satire, burlesque, adventure, romance, poesy, personal problems, and social problems and the problems of the natives of Sirius X, have been and ought to be included. As for their rationale, I agree whole-heartedly with Anthony Boucher that there is no line whatsoever which can be drawn between science fiction and "pure" fantasy. I am only irritated by the hypocrisy which says that a few words of meaningless gobbledegook take a story out of the class of magic and into the class of science. Let's admit it, most of what passes for science fiction is definitely at the fantasy end of the spectrum.

But let's also admit the corollary, that the science end is being sadly neglected these days, despite the facts that this is one of the richest and most interesting fields open to a fiction writer. The careful, detailed extrapolation of known scientific principles (as opposed to the wild-blue-yonder leap of, say, time travel, hyperspace, or psionics) has become hard to find. And as a consequence, science fiction has lost its most characteristic savor.

I think this is chiefly the fault of authors and editors, not of a changed readership preference. At least, judging by the joy which greeted such novels as Mission of Gravity, The Sands of Mars, and No Man Friday, the average reader enjoys a well-written heavy-science story as much as he did in Gernsback's day. What he does not grasp of the technical detail, he can easily skim over; but actually, as often as not, he will try to look it up elsewhere. I well remember myself, age thirteen or so, sweating over books on relativity, thermodynamics, etc., to find out what the hell this "continuum" and "entropy" stuff was all about. (It was disillusioning to find that a lot of the authors hadn't known either, but by then I had at least learned something.) Nor was I unique. Quite a few scientists and engineers admit that this type of stimulus first attracted them towards their present fields of work.

There are two obvious reasons why authentically scientific fiction has become scarce. The claim that it is too "heavy" and not "human" enough for the modern reader is pure bellywash; characters need not be cardboard nor the narrative slow just because the background has a ring of authenticity. Ernest Gann made at least one quite exciting novel, The High and the Mighty, out of the technical details of modern aeronautics, and these are no less abstruse than the details of future spaceflight.

No, the trouble is, first, that fewer soi-disant science fiction writers than ever know beans about science; and they are too lazy to look up the information. And secondly, even if you have some such knowledge, a heavy-science story is devilishly hard work to write.

But also a devilish lot of fun, if you enjoy using your brain at all. And rewarding: not so much in a direct financial sense--since editors seem equally willing to buy clever little variations on stereotyped "sociological" themes--as in what you learn, the insight which comes only from solving problems.

In an effort to support the cause, I have lately joined Clement, Clarke, & Co. in writing on honestly scientific subjects. Not exclusively, of course.

Nor, necessarily, on a comparable level. But the spirt has been willing, even when the mathematics was weak. "The Man Who Counts" (Astounding Science Fiction February-April 1958) was intended as heavy-science. And, at this writing, John Campbell has recently bought a shorter novel, "We Have Fed Our Sea".

This latter deals with an accident to a spaceship, and I propose to discuss the planning of that spaceship so as to convey some idea of what lies behind a story of this type. I'll try not to give away the plot, since it may not yet have been published when this article appears. But briefly, my idea (as far as I know, a new one) was that general relativity holds out a slight hope for faster-than-light travel of a sort, in that gravitic forces have no velocity in the Einsteinian scheme. (Or an "infinite velocity", which is a less precise way of saying the same thing.) If there were some way to modulate those forces, such as the fluctuations of matter-energy between the particle and photon state (this is kosher), then it should theoretically be possible to use such a modulated signal to operate a matter transmitter (again, no established physical principle is violated, though of course a pattern is transmitted and rebuilt in material form at the other end, rather than atoms being sent as such). To realize this possibility in practice, the inverse-square law must be overcome by some means of focusing and/or relaying; and this was the only assumption I permitted myself for which there is no present-day experimental justification. It could be--and it is certainly not a very radical postulate.

Given a network of such transmitters throughout the galaxy, you could step "instantaneously" from one star to another. There's more to it than that--see the story for details--but there's the basic notion. And it's obvious that first you must get your gravitic receiver to the destination, which can only be done via spaceship. Such a spaceship might well travel for centuries to reach a given star, though it would remain in direct contact with home through its mattercaster. I supposed that men would stand month-long solitary watches in deep space, changing off by way of the transmitter. At journey's end, an entire crew could be sent to man the ship and establish the new station.

For my purposes I needed a disaster which would cut off one of these spaceships from the rest of the universe. What kind of disaster? Well, first, what kind of spaceship?

A network of interrelated questions springs to mind, but in order to begin somewhere, I asked myself how fast the ship could travel.

The mass-ratio required to achieve a velocity so great that Einsteinian laws apply, has been worked out. It is

$$\frac{(1 + \frac{v}{c})}{(1 - \frac{v}{c})} c/2k$$

where v is the velocity attained, k the exhaust velocity of the reaction motor, and c the velocity of light. Note that this is an exponential equation, i.e. the quantity in brackets is raised to the power $c/2k$. I felt free to postulate a thermonuclear power plant with an enormous energy output and, in fact, a nuclear technology which could take atoms apart and put them together again in almost any desired way. Granted this, and making the further reasonable assumption that the ship is not meant to land on any planet but will always be used in airless space, the best kind of drive will be an ion drive: a linac system which accelerates ions (what kind?) to high speeds (how high?) by electrostatic means.

Hydrogen ions, protons, seemed a good choice, being readily accelerated; it's clear from our formula that the less massive the individual blast-particle, the more efficient the blast itself will be, and there are various objections to still smaller bodies such as electrons. Of course, whatever you throw out, you must simultaneously get rid of an equal and opposite charge, or potentials will soon build up to a point where your exhaust just won't exhaust. At first I was going to squirt out an electron stream. But the need for symmetry, lest the

thrust be unbalanced, made this seem unnecessarily awkward--besides all the problems incidental to so gigantic a cathode. Why not use a parallel blast of negative antiprotons instead?

So I finally decided to build down reaction mass matter (mercury, chosen for reasons given below) into energy, re-form this energy into proton-antiproton pairs, separate these as they are formed by a powerful magnetic field, and accelerate them down two parallel sets of charged rings. Doubtless anyone who has ever sweated over a misbehaving bevatron will look with a jaundiced eye on such a proposal; but actually, it is not a much greater engineering step from existing achievements to this than it was from, say, the first experimental uranium fission to the first large-scale hydrogen fusion. I admit that here, as elsewhere, there is an element of arbitrary choice on my part; maybe electron-positron pairs, or even concentric nucleus-electron blasts, will turn out to be more practical. We can't really know this till it's been tried, so I feel my particular space drive is as justifiable as any other.

How fast would these beams be traveling at the end of the linac system? Here we must again be arbitrary. Ideally, they should be pushed up as close as possible to the speed of light. I could have postulated this if I'd wanted to. But I was by no means certain that any such efficiency would be attainable. Probably not in the early days of ion drives, and the ship in the story dates back to that era. Furthermore--and now I'm being throat-cutting honest--the disaster I had in mind couldn't have happened if the ion streams were too confoundingly energetic. After all, no disaster, no story.

I finally compromised on $3c/4$. This means a proton kinetic energy of 466 Mev and mass of 1.5 times rest, it demands a voltage drop of 466 million volts. If the ion accelerators are 100 meters long, this means a field strength of 4.66 million volts per meter, which is high, but not excessive.

I hadn't had much occasion to use these physical principles for years. It took a couple of days just to look them up, refresh my memory, make the calculations, rub out the mistakes, and make the calculations all over again. And then it would often turn out that, for one reason or another, some one quantity had to be changed--and that entailed refiguring everything else.

Well, then. According to the formula, we can achieve a speed of $1c/2$ with such an exhaust velocity by using a mass-ratio of 4.35. Not bad at all. Present day rocket engineers would be happy to get by on so little. (I neglected gravitation, since the mass needed to escape our sun and to maneuver around in the system at the other end of the trip turned out to be so small that it could safely included under "payload".) But whoa, there! This isn't a guided missile, son. It has to decelerate at journey's end. And deceleration doesn't just double the mass-ratio, but squares it. That ship will need 17.8 tons of mercury for every ton of hull, engines, and payload. This limiting factor is a good reason for being conservative and not trying to go faster than $1c/2$.

At that speed, the Doppler effect is such that stars toward the bow will be seen by yellowish-red to infrared light and stars at the stern by ultraviolet. Moreover, aberration will make them seem to bunch fore and aft, avoiding the beam of the ship; in fact, a star directly normal to the line of flight will appear displaced by about 26° . The appearance of the sky would be most confusing. Having given a lot of thought to the resultant optical and astronomical problems, I found as my plot emerged from subconscious hazes that these data would not be required after all, since the ship would already have decelerated by the time the story opened.

Oh, well. File the material and use it some other time.

But how big is the ship? Once again, we must fall back on guesswork. But it would seem that 1000 metric tons is very little for the vessel plus payload plus reserve fuel, if it's to prowl around in an unfamiliar planetary system and send out small craft to land somewhere and establish a transceiver station. So be it. Total initial mass, 18,800 tons. That's an awful bulk,

Well, maybe not. Let's use mercury, breaking it down into proton-anti-proton pairs as outlined above. Mercury has the combined advantage of density and fluidity; it's poisonous, of course, but that's easily guarded against. The ship can start out with auxiliary outboard tanks of reaction mass, feeding into the fuel lines. As these are emptied, they can either be discarded or (better yet) knocked down into auxiliary apparatus that will be needed at journey's end. ~~Hmmm~~, have we invented something not hitherto mentioned in science fiction? Probably not. It's incidental anyway.

An initial acceleration of one gravity seems reasonable. The mass per second which must be thrown out at $3c/4$ to give an 18,800-ton object this much push turns out gratifyingly low, less than one kilogram. But it corresponds to a current of some 52 million amperes, a power of $2.4 \cdot 10^{16}$ watts. Clearly, there's some real engineering in this vessel! But not, I think, beyond possibility. At midflight, in free fall, the total mass is, of course, 4.35 kilotons, and the highest possible acceleration has this same numerical value; at trip's end, the ship will be able to accelerate up to 18.8 gravities. It so happened that none of these results were needed in the story; but they made the ship more real to me.

What size and shape has it got?

Several more or less equally plausible ideas presented themselves. Initially, I had thought that by way of catastrophe the ship might enter an unexpectedly powerful magnetic field at high speed and be violently decelerated by eddy currents. Much search through old texts located for me a particularly simple power-loss formula for a closed metallic ring under such conditions. And a wheel-shaped vessel seemed a decent kind of design, with several obvious advantages. Once again I spent a couple of days figuring. Then it turned out that the eddy-current loss I needed would turn the ship into incandescent gas. This, I felt, was overdoing things.

Well, at least a magnetic field could deflect an ion stream--and the ship's blast had a temperature equivalent to three million million degrees--~~hmmm~~. At this point I looked up Blackett's empirical equation relating angular velocity and magnetic field. A black dwarf star would presumably be so compressed that it both could and would rotate with fantastic speed. Assuming that the equation holds true universally, the star could have a polar field more than a hundred times that of Sol with no trouble at all. At a distance of a million kilometers this field would still be strong enough to deflect my ion stream into its own accelerator rings, thus ruining them and--more important--the gravitic matter-casting apparatus. Even if Blackett's guess is wrong, there is no known reason why a dead star could not have so powerful a field; the live star γ Virginis does definitely possess one on that order of magnitude.

Actually, the foregoing was worked out backwards. What field strength would be needed to deflect the blast one centimeter at a million-kilometer distance? Having settled that, I used the Blackett formula to justify myself. Since no one would steer so close to a radiating star, I had to build my story around one which was burned out. Even cautious spacemen might well overlook the danger, since there was nothing else like it in all their previous experience... Only when this had been decided did I make my final computations of all the quantities noted above.

As for the shape of the ship, the story does not require a doughnut after all, so a sphere is the most plausible. Why not reduce its mass by making it of reinforced plastic rather than metal? A few other thoughts occur, such as trim tanks into which mercury can be pumped to balance the internal distribution of mass. A calculation verified that the mercury would not push through its own containers, by sheer weight, under acceleration. Again being a little arbitrary I gave the hull a 50 meter diameter and, assuming its material has a density of 1.5g/cc, a mass of 235 tons. Gyroscopes of any reasonable size and speed would still need about half an hour to rotate it completely around one of its axes; a major point in the narrative was suggested by this fact. The engines would pre-

sumably lie astern, with the hundred-meter linac systems projecting aft, 30 meters apart. (Much of this dimensioning was taken off a scale drawing.) A precautionary bit of arithmetic verified that the two oppositely charged ion streams would not converge significantly on each other. The decks were visualized as parallel slices through the sphere, normal to the axis of acceleration. The mercury, when inboard, was kept between two amidships decks, one of which would lower as the level diminished. The pilot was given a turret in the very nose.

It took two or three weeks of pretty hard work to arrive at these sketchy results. Partly that was due to the rustiness of my own physics, but partly also to the interconnectedness of all these separate questions and quantities, so that a change in one of meant the refiguring of all. And, of course, the specifications had to be so drawn that the accident could happen; yet they should be fundamentally sound design, so that the disaster was plausibly one which the engineers could not have been expected to foresee.

Then there was the story itself, biographies of all the major characters, an outline history of the years between Now and Then, a bit of research into subjects like astronomy, the Outer Hebrides, and Zen Buddhism--but that is not what I wanted to discuss here.

I hope you like the yarn. ((Astounding, Aug & Sep 58, Lippincott as The Enemy Stars))

The End

Errata for New Frontiers #1:

- page 2, line 4, change 'FICTION' to 'FICTION?'
- page 3, line 11, underscore Thrilling Wonder Stories
- page 4, change 'Karaajor' to 'Karjor', 'Babnaal' to 'Babaal'
- page 5, change 'Kawlm' to 'Kalwm'
- page 6, line 14, change 'Malaver' to 'Malayer'
- page 13, line 7, change 'off' to 'offer'
- page 14, line 42, change 'bind' to 'mind'
- page 15, line 31, underscore Satellite
- page 17, line 21, underscore Weird Tales
- page 18, line 20, change 'Terill' to 'Terrill' (or is it 'Terrell'?)
- page 23, line 4, underscore Startling
- page 26, line 1, insert 'ones' after 'original'; line 14, insert 'by' between 'stories' and 'Maclean'
- page 28, line 22, underscore Mad
- page 29, line 3, change 'seconarily' to 'secondarily'; line 29, change 'and editorial' to 'an editorial'; line 41, change 'Ireggular' to 'Irregular'

Furthermore both Roy Hunt and Guy Terwilleger have pointed out that "The Uninvited" is by Dorothy McArdle, Rebecca is the work by Daphne DuMaurier. Roy also takes exception to the statement that Collier's published all of Rohmer's novels. The Island of Fu Manchu was serialized in Liberty as "Fu Manchu and the Panama Canal" and The Dream Detective was a series in All-Story. Any further errors in the article that can be found Robert Barbour Johnson would appreciate hearing about.

MY MOTIVE FOR WRITING SF

BOB OLSEN, JR.

Two score and five years ago, when I was an immature student, I sold stories to Munsey's, which was then America's leading "slick" magazine, and also to Black Cat, which printed only unusual, "off-trail" short stories. Its editor bought Jack London's first published story. Jack claims that he collected over 200 rejection slips before Black Cat took a chance and accepted one of his yarns. Maybe it was unfortunate that all my earliest stories, (none of which were SF), were promptly bought and paid for by the first editors who read them. Every famous author I ever heard of wrote reams of unacceptable scripts before getting started on the road to success.

During the first decade after I obtained my Ph.B. and M.A. degrees from Brown University, I became so engrossed with my job of teaching mathematics, physics and chemistry to high school teen-agers that I forgot about writing stories. However, I had the use of excellent laboratories and libraries and was able to do a lot of experimentation and research which taught me much more than I learned at college.

Soon after Hugo Gernsback founded the world's first SF magazine, I sent him a story entitled "The Four Dimensional Roller Press". It was published in the June, 1927 issue of Amazing Stories. During its first decade, I contributed with more or less regularity to that magazine. When Hugo Gernsback was the publisher of Amazing, Science Wonder and Air Wonder Stories, and subsequently, when T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D. edited Amazing Stories, neither of them rejected any of the stories I submitted to them. However, when these and other SF magazines came under the control of different editors, whose ideas regarding what constitutes Science Fiction did not seem to agree with those of Gernsback and Sloane I sure found out what rejection slips looked like.

Like most individuals, I have had plenty of frustations and failures, but I also have enjoyed a few successes, not all of which were in the field of literature. However, nothing I have accomplished, including my stories in "slick" magazines, has been as gratifying as my meager contributions to the literature of SF. This certainly was not on account of the money which accrued from my SF labors. The magazines in which my stories appeared paid $\frac{1}{2}\phi$ per word--ON PUBLICATION--which really meant several months AFTER publication; and from one to three years after I had done the work. Two of my yarns were printed by publishers who "forgot" to send me the checks, even after I had written several "reminder" letters. Despite the lousy pay, I spent a great deal more time on each SF story than I had on any of the slick stories, for which I was paid, at much higher rates, three weeks after I mailed the script.

Although I had an exceptionally good education in mathematics and science, as well as in rhetoric and the technique of the short story, I always gave myself a refresher course before writing a story based on a given scientific concept. Subjects such as electronics and nuclear fission, which were unknown when I studied and taught physics and chemistry, required a considerable amount of fresh research. To illustrate: Two of my stories were based on unique and imaginary uses for ultra-sonics, i.e., sound waves too fast for human ears to

perceive, which the British Navy used as a detecting device during World War I. It was the forerunner of World War II sonar and radar. My college experimentation with audible sound waves made it easy for me to understand technical articles describing the phenomena of ultra-sonics, but I felt the need of laboratory work, because one cannot fully understand the natural sciences without experimenting. At that time, America's leading authority on ultra-sonics was a professor at U.C.L.A. He had a Scandinavian name, and I used that and my university degrees as wedges to pry my way into his laboratory, where I really learned the facts about ultra-sonics.

Later, when I planned a piece about the new science of Hydroponics, I visited several tank farms and became so interested that I constructed several original types of receptacles for soilless gardening, concocted a variety of experimental formulas, and grew tomatoes, potatoes, rose bushes and vegetables and flowers without soil on the patio of my home in Beverly Hills. Such experimentation took a lot of time, but it was the kind of work I was trained for and loved to do; and it gave me assurance that my Science Fiction really was SCIENTIFIC.

During the four years that I studied English composition at Brown, under top-notch professors of rhetoric, the emphasis was not on writing as FAST as one can but as WELL as one can. In my case that meant a lot of revising, checking and rewriting, since I never was gifted, as a successful pulp writer must be, with a genius for thumping out passable material at supersonic speed. From what I disclosed previously herein, it is apparent that I cannot blame my lack of success on lack of education lack of aptitude or lack of opportunity. Not on lack of effort, either. I sure tried hard!

It is equally obvious that my M.O., as Sergeant Friday would call my methods of operation (modus operandi if you know your Latin), was not conducive to voluminous production or fabulous emoluments from my literary efforts. Once, just for the heck of it, I kept an accurate record of the time I spent on the research, writing, revising and final typing of one story. A year and a half later, when the check arrived, I divided its amount by the number of hours I had worked to earn it and learned that I had been paid at the munificent rate of 9¢ per hour. At that time I was vice-president and production manager of a busy Los Angeles advertising agency. Subsequently, (during the period when I was pursuing what I laughingly called my "literary career") I founded my own business, the Olsen Advertising Agency. I suspect that if I had resisted the urge to write deathless SF and had devoted more time to my advertising business I might have increased my income substantially. That's what I meant when I asserted previously that, in my case, writing SF was an expensive hobby.

A large proportion of my work as an advertising executive was writing. Much of it was dictated to a machine and transcribed by a smart secretary, but I also did a lot of pounding away at my own typewriter. I learned that no literary work requires greater skill than planning and writing advertising that gets business. That is why the average incomes of copywriters are much higher than those of authors, although the copywriter is usually the poorest paid member of an advertising agency's staff. As in the army, the fat salaries go to the big-brass who plan and direct the strategy.

According to the 1950 census, 16,184 persons, 6,236 of them females, gave "author" as their occupation. Their incomes averaged \$3,000 per year. The same source listed the average annual incomes of elevator operators at \$3,500 and industrial workers at \$3,700, which is about what I earned when I worked as a tool and die maker at the Douglas Aircraft plant during the war. As an advertising executive, during the twenties and early thirties, my income averaged about double that amount. That was peanuts to the managers of large national advertising agencies, but it enabled me to live in Beverly Hills, drive a car that was paid for in full and pay cash for our two daughters, instead of buying them on the instalment plan, as I had to do when our firstborn son arrived in 1919 and our lastborn son in 1937 A.D. (After Depression), so it wasn't exactly alfa-alfa. There are a few writers, of course, who earn as much as business

executives do. When you hear about 27-year-old Evan Hunter selling his first novel, The Blackboard Jungle, to The Ladies' Home Journal for \$35,000, and Zanuck plunking down 200,000 smackers for the movie rights to Sloan Wilson's The Man In the Gray Flannel Suit, you might get the idea that all authors are lolling in mazuma, but such instances are rare indeed. As an article entitled "How Writers Work", in Time, January 10, 1955, expressed it: "A few writers -- by no means the best -- manage to live in the style to which they would like to be accustomed...but these are exceptions."

Since my work as an author of SF was so unprofitable, you may wonder why I "done" it. Did I need to have my encephalon examined? Had I lost my aggies in my middle age? Were my rockers completely detached? Goofy as it may seem, there was reason as well as method in my seeming madness. In the first place, there is no achievement more gratifying than published authorship -- a statement which any writer, amateur or professional, who has seen his effusions in print will, I think, confirm. That being granted, the \$64,000 Question is "Why choose Science Fiction, which takes more time and pays less than any other literary work? If you must write, why not aim at the slicks, which pay better and sooner?" As a matter of fact, I did that also, but I slanted my material not at the popular magazines but at the "slick" advertising trade journals. During the period when I was managing a busy advertising agency, and was the secretary and treasurer of the California Advertising Service Association, I also found time to contribute technical articles to all the leading advertising journals, such as Printer's Ink, Advertising & Selling, and Western Advertising with more or less regularity. This took less time and paid promptly at much higher rates than SF, but that was not the reason why I wrote articles about advertising. When I was a student, I heard President Roosevelt--the great Roosevelt I mean, whose first name was Theodore--speak to a group of businessmen. Among his many sage utterances he made one which was indelibly branded on my cerebral cortex: "It is the duty of every person to do all he can to improve the business or profession of which he is a member." So I wrote articles which I hoped would, in small measure at least, improve the advertising business. These articles engendered gratification that could not be measured financially. I am convinced that they were the chief reasons why my name was listed in the first issue of Who's Who In Advertising, which left out a lot of highly-paid big shots. That was in 1932, the same year when "The Ant With a Human Soul", "Captain Brink of the Space Marines", "The Purple Monsters", and "Seven Sunstrokes" were published in Amazing Stories.

The question why I wasted my time writing SF has not been answered, so here goes: Don't laugh. I'm not pulling your leg. I really deluded myself into thinking that my best chance to do something worthwhile with my life was by writing SF. This belief was probably instilled by another great American whom I heard say: "Success is not measured by how much money you GAIN during your lifetime but how much you CONTRIBUTE to the progress and happiness of humanity."

Soon after my yarns about the Fourth Dimension began to appear in Amazing Stories, I learned about the phenomena known as SF fandom, which to me was more astonishing and wonderful than any fantasy. A lot has been written about SF fans--much of it neither accurate nor complimentary. Because "fan" is a contraction of "fanatic", and much of the stuff that passes for "Science Fiction" is UN-scientifically and fantastically fanatical, it is not strange that SF fans have been called SCREWBALLS, PSYCHOCERAMICS, CRANKS, NITWITS and EGGHEADS, -- not to mention such sinister appellations as PARANOIACS, NYMPHOMANIACS, HOMOSEXUALS and SUBVERSIVES.

Such appraisals gained notable credence in February, 1937, when the Third American Science Fiction Convention was held in Philadelphia. A group of Brooklyn SF fans, who also belonged to the Young Communist League, were reported to have become convinced--by reading SF "Utopian" literature--that Russian Communism was superior to American Capitalism and that the depression then

raging proved it. Many shallow-brained individuals got the idea that all SF fans were Communists. Then, in October of the following year, Orson Welles broadcast such a realistic version of The War of the Worlds, by namesake, H.G., that hundreds of thousands of radio listeners got so scared that they wet their pants and otherwise reacted childishly. This did not increase public esteem for SF fandom, but the resulting notoriety did turn out to be a boon for SF publishers, who quickly added seven new SF magazines to the five which existed previously.

In July, 1939, the first WORLD Science Fiction Convention was staged at Caravan Hall on East 59th Street in New York City. California Fandom was represented by a starry-eyed youth named Forrest J. Ackerman, who had the distinction of being the founder of the Solar System's first SF teenage fan club at San Francisco in 1929. (He was also suspected of having something to do with starting in 1934 the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, which now is undisputedly the Universe's oldest SF fan club.) He was accompanied by another member of the LASFS -- a beautiful girl named Myrtle Douglas. 4e and Morajo, (as they chose to call themselves), not only attended the World Convention but they also created a sensation in the effete East by peregrinating the thoroughfares of Manhattan clad in his and her brown corduroy "pantaloons" and emerald tights and cloaks which duplicated artist Paul's conceptions of what good-looking, well-dressed visitors from outer space would be wearing in 1999. Back in smoggy California, when they dolled up in the same habiliments and strolled along Broadway, no one paid the slightest attention to them. Hollywoodians naturally thought they were movie extras.

At the 1939 Convention the left-wingers from Flatbush showed up again. This time they distributed pamphlets denouncing those who were running the convention whom they stigmatized as "dictators" and "scoundrels". Three husky "scoundrels", with the surrealist cognomens Moskowitz, Sykora and Taurasi, retaliated by tossing the south-wingers out on their south-ends. This rhubarb achieved international publicity in Time and other publications and seemed to confirm the rumors that SF fans were a quarrelsome bunch of crackpots and subversives. Among the magazines which expressed disapproval of SF fandom was America's leading "high-brow" publication, Harper's. Bernard De Voto, author of The World of Fiction, whose "Easy Chair" column in Harper's was eagerly read by the intelligentsia each month, took time out to read a few current SF magazines. In his September, 1939, column he summarized several so-called "science fiction stories" and then commented as follows:

"This besotted nonsense is from a group of magazines known as science pulps. The science discussed is idiotic beyond any possibility of exaggeration, but the point is that, in this kind of fiction, the bending of light is equivalent to the sheriff of the horse opera fanning his gun or the heroine of the sex pulp removing her dress. It is easy enough to classify these exhibits as paranoid phantasies converted into fiction for the titillation of tired, dull and weak minds."

De Voto's diatribe sparked a considerable amount of ribbing from friends and relatives of a certain has-been author of SF. At an alumni banquet, a Brown classmate of mine, who reads Harper's assiduously but views with loathing what he calls "Science Fiction Tripe", asked me if I had written any paranoid phantasies for dull and weak minds lately. My only comeback was the tagline of an old, familiar gag: "It musta bina coupla udda fellas." Since none of my stories were published during 1939, Bernard couldn't have had me in mind when he writ them flattering voids.

During the quarter of a century which has elapsed since I first learned about SF fandom I have met thousands of fans, and I now number scores of them among my dearest friends, so I think I am a qualified judge of the subject.

Not being a fanatic myself, my viewpoint is impartial. Let me therefore go on record with the declaration that the malign criticism which has been directed against SF fandom is slanderously unjustified. It is true that some of the fans I have met seemed a bit queer, but they represented only a small percentage of fandom as a whole. As FJA explained to me recently, the LASFS has always been lenient in admitting members. They don't have to be "normal". The only entrance requirement is an interest in SF. Hence it is not surprising that a few abnormal individuals have infiltrated SF fan clubs. In general, however, I have found SF fans to be far above the average, physically, intellectually, socially, morally and spiritually. On the numerous occasions when I have been invited to meetings of the LASFS, I have always enjoyed myself immensely. One reason is that the members remind me of my former high school pupils--the brighter and better-behaved ones that is. If they have learned anything about mathematics and science by reading my stories my work as an author has not been in vain.

The principal difference between the fans of today and yesterday is in their average age. Reason for this is that, whereas most fan clubs are started by teen-agers and fade away when the members start shaving their faces, (or their legs), SF fandom is a chronic infection. A large percentage of those who became fans during their adolescence are still loyal to good old SF, so their average age is higher now. I have observed that the percentage of female fans has increased. I am in favor of that. The gals are as bright as the guys and much easier to look at. Taken as a whole, young and old, male and female, normal and abnormal, SF fans are much better informed than any other group of magazine readers. Nothing surprises them. Such phenomena as the atomic bomb, radar, guided missiles, television, artificial satellites, and other wonders, which dumbfounded and confused everybody else, were old hat to SF fans when they first were publicised. SF fans had heard all about such inventions and discoveries, and had even learned how some of them worked, by reading SF magazines which described them many years before they became realities. As FJA pointed out at a fanquet at the time when George Christine Jorgenson created such a sensation, his shenanigans were commonplace to SF fans who had read scores of stories about guys changed to gals, dames to men, women to beasts, beasts to both men and women, bugs with human souls and humans with insect brains, etc., etc., etc. What's so strange about such conceptions? It is well known that, although it took Nature millions of years to make a man out of a monkey, a good-looking girl can make a monkey out of a man in five minutes.

Speaking of monkeys, reminds me that I'd better quit monkeying around and get back to the avowed theme of this piece, namely my motive for writing SF. I have always believed that GENUINE Science Fiction--and by that I mean, NOT the completely UN-scientific, supernatural and weird phantasies that frequently masquerade as "Science Fiction",--but the kind that Jules Verne, the father of all modern Science Fiction, H. G. Wells, the father of English Science Fiction, and Hugo Gernsback, the father of American Science Fiction, wrote and published --is superior to any other form of literature because it is not only entertaining but it is also educational, didactic, prophetic and inventive.

Professor J. O. Bailey, author of Pilgrims Through Space and Time, the only comprehensive history of Science Fiction, says: "A complete list of inventions and discoveries described in science fiction would sound like the headings in the files of the patent office. Science Fiction more or less anticipates every modern invention and many that have not appeared." In other words, the authors who wrote REAL Science Fiction not only entertained and educated their readers but they also contributed enormously to human progress and happiness, since they were the ORIGINATORS of the labor-saving devices and other marvelous discoveries which have made the lot of humanity better, safer and happier.

In the advancement of civilization, three types of ORIGINATORS have played leading roles:

1. THE MATHEMATICIAN OR SCIENTIST, He (or she) is interested primarily in discovering new facts, whether or not they have any practical value, and must have great patience and integrity, but needs not possess unusual imagination or mechanical ability.

2. THE SCIENCE FICTION AUTHOR, whose most essential qualification is a faculty for THINKING, IMAGINING, and VISUALIZING. Usually he lacks the patience of the scientist and the mechanical aptitude needed to construct a model. His job is to study the facts which the scientists have discovered and to explain how they may best be applied. While a SF author does not have to be a college graduate, he needs a thorough grounding in mathematics and science in order to explain his imaginary inventions and discoveries so plausibly that they may subsequently become realities.

3. THE INVENTOR, who does not need to possess the laboratory training of a scientist or the imagination of an author, but must have the ability to transform ideas into mechanisms.

Not many inventors are willing to acknowledge their debts to the scientist who discovered the facts or the author who dreamed up the inventions which newly discovered truths made possible, but a few of them have been honest enough to do so. Simon Lake, inventor of the submarine, needed only to construct a model in accordance with the description of the Nautilus in 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, and it worked, of course. The first sentence in Lake's autobiography is: "Jules Verne was the director general of my life." Marconi, Picard, Byrd and several other inventors and discoverers named Verne's stories as their inspiration.

I never claimed to be a poet, but I have dabbled a bit in verse. About a quarter of a century ago I tried to express my thoughts about the function of SF authors in a short doggerel which Gernsback printed in Amazing Stories, paying the author five bucks. The following reiteration--with a few changes--is as good a way I can think of to end this exposition. But first, let me express my appreciation and affection to the SF fans who have been forbearing enough to read this far. Bless you, my good friends, one and all!

HOW INVENTIONS ARE BORN

Mid test tubes, microscopes and coils
A patient man of SCIENCE toils.
His aim? To add to human lore
One new-born fact, unknown before.

This infant truth a THINKER finds.
He nurtures it, about it winds
A fictive yarn which seems to be,
Though strange, a plausibility.

Within this seeming fantasy,
A DOER sees reality.
He garbs the scribe's ideas with steel
And makes the dream of fiction real.

Bob Olsen

THE OLD SCIENCE FICTION AND THE NEW

Stanton A. Coblentz

In one sense of the term, the title of this article is a misnomer: there are no such things as the old science fiction and the new; there is only science fiction, and the work done yesterday or the day before cannot be set off from that written today as a lion can be distinguished from a zebra, or a gnat from a giraffe. There are, however, certain trends, moods, and inclinations which were more conspicuous of old than at present; and there have been "new directions" manifest in the work of the past few years, though not every writer takes those "new directions" to the same extent, and not every storyteller of the older group exhibits the leading characteristics of that group.

The current school of science fictionists is mainly different, it seems to me, in that it has tended to lose sight of the principles that gave rise to modern science fiction. I have clear pictures in mind of the editors to whom science fiction owes so much for their efforts back in the late Twenties and early Thirties: Hugo Gernsback and Dr. T. O'Connor Sloane. These men were scientists; their interest in science was definite and real; and their first demand for a science fiction story, consequently, was that it should contain science. And their second requirement was that it should build from the known in science to unknown possibilities: in other words, though the writer might use his imagination and indeed had to use his imagination, he was not permitted to enter the realm of obvious impossibilities; he might, as we know, conceive of a man making a space flight to Saturn or to Neptune through some new application of natural laws such as the invention of an antigravity screen, but he was not allowed to make a magic-carpet flight as in the old Arabian fairy tales and to proceed without any explicable means of locomotion. More than that! It was against the rules of the game to suppose some means of locomotion without attempting to explain it; thus, he would not satisfy the critics merely by saying, "The spaceship Copernicus, propelled by an infra-burst of carbo-nitro molecular fuel, was sailing through the spiral arm of the great nebula of Andromeda." If, however, he explained in intelligible scientific terms just what carbo-nitro molecular fuel was, and made its operation appear plausible and even possible, he might have put the reader in a fit frame of mind to follow the narration.

All this, however, is now changed. The science fiction writer of yesterday, with his mind still upon science, would be appalled at some of our modern stories, which enable a man to materialize and dematerialize faster than a ghost in a seance room, which will let a hero be whisked literally back into last week or last year or last century without even troubling to say much as to how this marvelous transformation occurred, and which regards a few light-years as nothing much among friends when it comes to ranging the far recesses of the galaxies, or to engaging in a little hop from Sirius to Arcturus or Capella or to a sun hidden somewhere in one of the Magellanic Clouds. Let us take an example--and not an extreme one--from a recent magazine, and by a man, Robert Moore Williams, who is far from inexperienced in the writing of science fiction. His story, "Where the High Gods Go", begins with these sentences:

In the far depths of space, where the bright suns are scattered across the light years like vast flaming jewels, the battle raged. Elnel was hard-pressed...

Even though "Elnel" was a vast unhuman super-creature, what have we here? Fantasy! Sheer fantasy! as much so as anything in The Arabian Nights. There is not the faintest resemblance to science, except in so far as science has discovered the environment of the outer suns. I do not, of course, mean to imply that the story may not be a good one and well worth reading even though it is fantasy; but I do wish to point out one of the great differences between the earlier and the later science fiction, for no science fiction story two or three decades ago could have begun with the sentences quoted above.

In this very difference between the science fiction of the two eras, a subtler distinction is implied. Formerly, as now, the stories contained elements of adventure; but adventure of old did not loom as large as now: the stories frequently aimed above all to present a conception or an idea, which might be satirical in the manner of Swift or Voltaire or Samuel Butler, or might be an inquiry into the way men would act if, for example, a new pestilence brought down from Mars seemed likely to wipe out the human race, or if some solar or magnetic convulsion were to slow down or accelerate our time sense, or if a way were to be found of eliminating sleep or of reviving the dead. Sometimes the play of ideas was such that a science fiction story contained little action, though much food for the mind; frequently there was little give-and-take of character: which the modern group regards as a grave failing, though I personally wonder if they are not mistaken in this criticism, for it seems to me that the aim of science fiction should not be primarily the delineation of character: if our first aim is to depict character, let us choose some other form, where we will not be hampered by bizarre conceptions; and let us remember that the sum total of all the character drawings of all science fiction writers to date makes but a flicker besides the bright sunlight of Dickens, Balzac, and Tolstoy. In any case, the earlier science fictionists, rightly or wrongly, felt that character-drawing at best led down a side-road; their aim was narrower, no doubt, but more direct; their object was to show the possible effects upon man of the unlimited expansion of scientific knowledge.

Here, it seems to me, as it has seemed to many another, is a more enduring source of appeal. Here may be less of a lure for lovers of melodrama, and consequently less of an attraction for editors of mass-circulation magazines; but here is more of prospect that science fiction will remain as a force in life and literature rather than to subside, as in some respects it has been tending to do of late, into a mere younger brother of our lurid wild-west and kaleidoscopically appearing and disappearing mystery novels.

The End

The 1960 Westercon, the Boycon, will be held in Boise, Idaho over the 4th of July weekend. Registration fee is \$1.00. Guest of honor will be Rog Phillips. For further information write: Guy Terwilliger, 1412 Albright Street, Boise, Idaho.

The 1960 Worldcon, the PITCON, will be held in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania (not California) over Labor Day weekend. Guest of honor, James Blish. For further information write: The registration fee is \$2.00.

Dirce Archer, 1453 Barnsdale Street, Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania

LETTERS

Vincent E. Treacy, 722 Washington St., Dedham, Massachusetts

Dear Sirs,

There is a decided lack of solid, serious criticism in the science fiction field -- most book review columns are glib plot summaries and vague "good, but not so good" opinions.

Follow the steps of Damon Knight.

Good luck,
Vincent E. Treacy

Jeremy A. Barry, 2287 - 27th Avenue, San Francisco 16, California

Dear Editor:

The first issue of New Frontiers is very nice. It is well produced, has a nice format, good articles and interesting features. All this adds up to an enjoyable issue. However, I feel that the de Camp article could have been brought up to date, as he gives the idea that The Tower of Zanid has not yet been published. Your policy of using articles of criticism on the S-F field is a good one. Don't use any fiction here, since there are lots of other fanzines to handle this stuff.

The features should be expanded to include pro-mag reviews. These publications are the main source for S-F, and need criticism just as much as any other. My complaint on the current reviews is that they are so ancient. All these books were out months ago and have been well reviewed. Please review more recent items; same goes for fanzines. Another thing, try and make your reviews as complete as possible by covering all publications that appear. No more than two months should pass between review and date of publication, as you can hardly keep up with everything on a quarterly basis. Of course you could print a 100 pg. issue, but you still wouldn't beat that two month deadline.

Your book reviews are of high caliber. I'm glad to see that you criticize and analyze instead of just summarizing. These reviews remind me of those which used to appear in Inside. As a matter of fact, your whole mag appears to be a successor to the aforementioned. It felt good to see you cut down Pohl's anthology to size. All the pro reviewers think these Star Science Fiction Stories series are good, but I feel that #'s 4 & 5 are too much like Galaxy SF. This type of story is okay if you haven't read it for a year or two. But after reading just three or four I get tired of them. My recent attempt to read Galaxy again failed because of this. The stories just don't seem to be serious, yet they're not at all funny. The plots are all old hat and the style of each story is the same, no matter who writes them. A definition: The Galaxy type of story lacks individuality! Giving the number of

words in each novel you review is a good practice, keep it up. Your review of Vanguard From Alpha states that the book is abridged from the mag. version because it is longer. I didn't realize the word abridge meant: to increase in length.

The contents page says this issue is published in July and that the next issue will be out in October. However, it appears you are kind of late, since this first issue just came out the other day. It should be nice if you could appear on schedule in the future.

Here's wishing you the best of luck.

Sincerely,
Jeremy A. Barry

((Agreed that de Camp's article could have been updated further, however, the bibliography contained up-to-date information. If sufficient subscriptions come in NF will go bi-monthly or even monthly. The hindrance to more frequent publication is money. NF is not a successor to Inside. Smith plans to have another issue out soon. The review of Vanguard From Alpha stated that it was apparently abridged from manuscript, not the magazine version.))

Mark Clifton

Dear Norman:

My first reaction when I saw New Frontiers was Ohmigod, that article I wrote two-three years ago will be badly out of date by now. I hadn't looked at it since I wrote it, but when I read it over in your mag I was astonished to find it wasn't out of date at all.

My second reaction was discouragement - for the article should have been out of date. That it wasn't, that two or three years had elapsed between the writing and the appearance simply proves my contention that science fiction is not growing, changing, progressing, going anywhere.

On occasion, I'm still trying to practice what I preach. Think you will agree that "What Now, Little Man?" in the December issue of F&SF, now on the stands, does provide some food for thought, and that a new novel of mine Doubleday is bringing out, Eight Keys To Eden, does make an attempt to reintroduce the thinking theme into science fiction. But I can't help wishing that I had more company in this attempt than I find.

Best luck, as always,

Mark Clifton

Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California

Dear Norm:

Overall, the effect of the issue was one of a lot of articles that were out of date enough that you had to resort to editorial parentheses to bring them up to 1959. Somehow, this detracted a bit from the enjoyability of the zine, no matter how interesting the articles were in themselves. It would seem that you've had the project in mind for several years, and even gathered material about that time, but due to "circumstances beyond your control" it was delayed until now.

The cover is very striking. One minor complaint, though: I've had the zine here for over two weeks, and the ink on the cover still isn't dry. Is a bit annoying to have to wash one's hands after reading a fanzine. I had thought that I had escaped this problem when I stopped reading Astounding SF.

One thing that is conspicuously missing from the issue is an introductory editorial. I, for one, would like to know more about you: who you are, why you're undertaking such a project as the publication of New Frontiers, what your plans for future issues are. Just one page would be more interesting than none at all. Please?

Sprague de Camp's article was of moderate interest, but I'm afraid I haven't explored his Krishna tales enough to be able to make any sort of intelligent commentary on them. The map is interesting, though; seems as if there's been a frightful lot of maps in fanzines lately. This'n, the one in a recent Amra, the one that Ted Johnstone did for Gimble, and probably a few others I've overlooked. What's coming off? Has all fandom gone map-happy?

Ghad, here are Mark Clifton and Robert B. Johnson bemoaning the old days of stf and weird writing respectively! Good grief, people, of course the old days seem somehow better, but if you were to go back and re-read Startling and TWS and ASF and like that from the latter days, would you really enjoy them as much as you did then? You find that your literary tastes might have changed in the interim, and also you might go back expecting too much from the old tales. All this adds up to a possible disappointment. Science-fiction is still good; its style and method of approach have just changed. Whether or not this change is for better or for worse is a moot point.

Evans has a nice nostalgic article. Just imagine the pages and pages of interlineations that must have been mouthed at that gabsession! Just imagine all the fantastic plots that must have been aired, but rejected as just too advanced for today's jaded readers! If Evans always wrote as well as this, I must make more noise in favor of an Evans anthology. The one I heard about seems to have evolved (or devolved, as its wont) into a Daugherty project.

All in all, a pretty good first issue, marred only by that factor I mentioned above. This should remedy itself in short order, when you run out of material from your old backlog and start running new material gathered between issues. The addition of a letter column should help, too, and I'd recommend retaining the book and fanzine reviews. And add an editorial!!!!

Cheers,
Bob

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August Derleth

Dear Norm Metcalf,

All thanks for copies of New Frontiers, which reached me this morning. I went through it at once -- at the moment I'm doing nothing more than preparing my new collection of poems for publication and revising The Reminiscences of Solar Pons.

The Johnson piece raised my hackles. There are, of course, numerous errors in it, most of them trivial -- I don't know what a "Vern" cartoon book is, for instance; I presume he is referring to the late Dwig--Clare Victor Dwiggins, but where he gets 'Vern' baffles me -- but the one hoary old fraud which he perpetrates ought not to have escaped you. He writes on p. 17, "The greatest of them all, H. P. Lovecraft, actually died of malnutrition due to small earnings." We have denied this repeatedly, for this is simply not true. I took this thing up again in my Some Notes on H. P. Lovecraft, published last spring, pages ii-v. I wrote down the facts: "Lovecraft, by his own account in his extensive letters, had been a quasi-invalid for the better part of his life. Ill health had been chronic in his early years, interfering actively with his schooling. He suffered from an allergy to cold and all its complications, and he died eventually -- on March 15, 1937 -- at the Jane Brown Memorial Hospital in Providence of a combination of cancer of the intestine and Bright's disease."

LETTERS

19

That Lovecraft spent days and perhaps weeks at a time in a state of undernourishment is probably true; it might be said that his condition was occasionally aggravated by the irregularity of his eating habits; but that he died of starvation is untrue; and it would also be going too far to suggest that Lovecraft lived in a state of chronic undernourishment, as some writers have suggested he did."

I wish you would quote these lines in a future issue of NF; this ridiculous legend does HPL no service even in memory. His major income never came from writing, but from editing, revision, and the like.

Among other statements which are untrue: "not a single one of all the fantasy periodicals ever made any real money." Well, no magazine keeps going 31 years without at some time or other having made money. Ghost Stories made money for its initial publishers, who was not Rogers Terrell. The title to Weird Tales has been bought by Leo Margulies, but it is doubtful that it will be revived. Actually, the demise of WT was brought about by a combination of events -- a decline in revenue occasioned by two things -- 1) the unwise decision to dispense with advertising; 2) a falling off in reader interest which was bringing about the suspension of many other magazines in the general fantasy (including science fiction) field.

The assumption that we are heading for a magazineless world is as erroneous as that people prefer to watch TV. Actually, TV has multiplied juvenile readers many times over, and has also increased adult buyers of our books, as I point out in my article. (("Arkham House Enters Its Third Decade" forthcoming in NF #3.)) And Johnson's identifications are hilarious -- Machen, for instance, was a soldier only a very brief while; he spent his life as a journalist; I don't know any "cathedral antiquarian named Wakefield" -- he must have reference to M. R. James; no "college professor" named "William James" ever made a name for himself in the field of the macabre -- Johnson must mean Henry James; nor do I know a writer in the field described as "A physician called Whitehead" -- if he means H. S. Whitehead, he was an Episcopalian minister. And so on.

All best, always.

Cordially,
A. Derleth

((On page 18, NF1, Johnson said that if any reading was to be done it will be from books, not magazines. The subject would make an excellent article for someone to go into the why's and wherefore's.))

Terry Carr, 70, Liberty Street, #5, San Francisco 10, California

Dear Norm:

I have a few things to say about the issue. So -- I shall write, like.

To begin with, I don't think much of the cover. It simply fails to arouse me, and I was quite disappointed when I saw it, because I had the impression that NF was to follow in the footsteps of such greats as Fanscient and Destiny, photo-offset zines well-remembered for their illustrations as well as their written material. Certainly there seems to be no point in going to the extra expense of having the zine offset if you aren't going to use artwork of a sufficiently higher calibre to make it necessary. The mimeography of most fanzines can handle enough copies to cover any reasonable expected circulations and with proper care (no more, I would say, than is necessitated to prepare copy for photo-offset) the reproduction can be as clear and sharp as your half-size offset reproduction. So if you're going to offset NF do get some artwork

worthy of the medium and the expense.

In line with this, may I shake my head politely but sadly at your announcement that future covers will be by Dollens? Dollens, to my mind, has long been the bugaboo of offset zines -- his "artwork" is totally lacking in interest to me. And I'm by no means the only one who finds Dollens' stuff a bore -- I've heard grotchings about his stuff for years, and as a matter of fact just last week at the GGFS we showed movies of various s-f cons and when in one scene Dollens' backdrop to the speakers' podium was shown one fan remarked, "Ghod, Dollens is completely anti-art, you know?" And there was a chorus of sad agreement around the room.

Despite the fact that Adkins has been seen so much in fanzines of late, and has so little real variation in style and ideas, I'd still rather see nothing but Adkins covers on NF than Dollens. Or, much better, how about Arthur Thomson, George Barr, Ron Cobb (who has done some terrific stuff of which that cover on F&SF a few months ago is only a small sample), or almost any other artist whose stuff is offset-type or can be.

I seem to have spent a long time grotching, and will try to get rid of the rest of my grotches quickly. Briefly, then: I don't like your lettering in the headings, but I suppose they'll improve as you get more practice; and I think your fanzine reviews are a waste of space. It's curious to compare your book reviews with them: whereas your book reviews are hardly the best, they are quite adequately good -- but the fmz reviews are dull and lifeless and awkwardly written. It's gratifying to see the editor of a serious amateur mag devoted to stf who can enjoy and take notice of purely "fannish" matters, but disheartening to find that he's so much out of his element as you evidence yourself to be when trying to write fannishly. I'd suggest either getting someone who can write good fanzine reviews, or -- far more sensibly -- simply dropping the fmz reviews. They're somewhat out of place in NF, and adequately handled in great profusion almost everywhere else in fandom. If you want to draw your reader's attention to more fannish elements, this could be accomplished adequately by brief survey-type comments in an editorial, surveying the best of the fanzine output, with recommendations.

And speaking of editorials, why don't you install one? I realize they can be dull and pointless, with Ray Palmerish ravings over the material in the issue at hand (such as Brother Ellison did so much a few years ago with Science Fantasy Bulletin) or ramblings about the problems of financing and producing the zine, which problems vary remarkably little from editor to editor, fanzine to fanzine, and hence consistently come out as The Same Old Story. But a one or two page editorial on interesting discussions you've had recently, ideas which have come to you, and general commentary on anything you feel would fit within the scope of NF would give the readership some idea, at least, of the man behind the mag. How about it?

On to the material in this issue. Evans was interesting if not outstanding -- a pity you didn't get this into print when it wouldn't have been reporting on an event so far in the past. As it is, I commend you on refraining from any syrupy or drawn-out eulogy to EEE, considering that this is being published posthumously. I think some mention should have been made of EEE's death, considering the personal aspect of the piece under his byline, but much prefer the way you completely underplayed the situation to the possibility that you might have felt constrained to indulge in weeping and wailing at length.

Robert Barbour Johnson has by far the best piece in the issue -- in fact, it's one of the most enjoyable pieces I've read in an amateur zine in years. It's marred a bit by the Pollyanna ending (he's totally unconvincing there), but the bulk of the eight pages are delightful reading, for which I thank you and Mr. Johnson. I'm one of those people who feel badly about the lack of fantasy these days (as is Miriam, even more than me I suspect), and this survey really hit the spot. The only serious flaw, aside from That Ending, was his neglect of the recently-revived all-fantasy policy of the Ziff-Davis Fantastic.

There's little or no really outstanding fantasy being published there, but the mag was quite decent for all that. (Did Fantastic go back to publishing fantasy after the issue was put to bed?)

Now we come to Mark Clifton's article. Well, I enjoyed reading it, and agree with his basic premises -- but goddammit, the bulk of the article is nothing but vapid generalizations. With other arguments I might be convinced that s-f shouldn't be judged in the same way as mainstream fiction, but certainly not with those advanced by Mr. Clifton here. When he starts splicing about how mainstream fiction makes a dolt or villain of the intellectual he starts losing me because there are too many exceptions to make it a sensible generalization, and when he says that this is somehow a criterion of mainstream fiction, we part ways completely. Nonsense, Mr. Clifton! Literature is judged in terms of universals, and this tends to give it an emotional rather than intellectual cast -- for the emotions are pretty constant from man to man, age to age. And even if thinking could be so universal as feeling (good heavens, it's not even universally practiced!) a repetition of a thought can seldom be rephrased just a little differently so that it suddenly strikes one as new. That can be done with an emotion.

Good heavens, here it is Sunday morning and I haven't even had breakfast yet. I think I'll cease considering Mr. Clifton's article (it's hard to do on an empty stomach) and finish this letter. Suffice to say that I think Clifton is either purposely building an argument that's a house of cards, or his reasoning is so poor that he's building that house of cards unknowingly. A pity, too, when there are such good timbers lying around to support his ideas.

de Camp was interesting, but sparks no more comment. And that's all the comment I have on NF #1.

Best,
Terry

J. Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Road, Berkeley 7, California (see page 40)

The following BURROUGHS paperback editions at 50¢ each:

Tarzan and the Foreign Legion	Tarzan and the Lost Empire	Jungle Tales of Tarzan
Tarzan the Invincible	Tarzan, Lord of the Jungle	Tarzan the Magnificent
Tarzan and the Ant Men	Tarzan the Terrible	Tarzan at the Earth's Core

special on quality non-fiction paperbacks:

@65¢ Hypnotism and the Power Within - Van Pelt; Beginning of Religion - James!
The Arabs In History - Lewis; Exploration and Discovery - Wood; The State and Citizen - Mabbott; The French Revolution - Goodwin; Introduction to Zen Buddhism - Suzuki; The World of Bees - Nixon.

BOOKS

BEYOND THE NIGHT - Cornell Woolrich, Avon, New York, #T-354, 35¢, 1959, 7-160pp.

This is an original collection of five fantasies. First is "The Moon of Montezuma" wrongly credited to F&SF, it is from the Nov-Dec 1952 issue of Fantastic. The mood carries the impact of this tale of la norteamericana and her child, seeking her husband in a remote village of Mexico.

"Somebody's Clothes--Somebody's Life" is from the Dec. 58 F&SF rather than Fantastic. We have here a not too good tale of personality swapping between a street-walking wife and a gambling countess at Biarritz.

"The Lamp of Memory" tells of Stephen Botillier's inheritance from his great-grandfather's younger brother of memories of the principality of Danubia. How he goes to Danubia and what he finds there finishes off the tale. After reading this one go on to John Buchan's The Dancing Floor and then compare.

"My Lips Destroy" is an awkward attempt at vampirism. The hero's ability to note all the evidence and ignore it at the same time is a little hard to take. If you had the marks of the vampire on your throat, were suffering from loss of blood and had a host of suspicious circumstances what conclusion would you draw? But then, perhaps, your name isn't Lon Chaney, Jr.

"The Number's Up" is the non-fantasy of the bunch. Gangsters come and take away a man and his wife "for a ride". The mood is one of horror and the ending is rather obvious.

"Music From the Dark" tells of a bandleader in New Orleans who needs new material for his band and finds it in a voodoo ritual. The voodooists resent the baring of their secrets and take revenge. The bandleader shoots the head of the cult in an effort to solve his problems and finds they're only beginning. First he has to convince the police of his sanity and second... but that's the story.

Most of these stories depend upon mood for their effect and Woolrich is a master of the art. Plotwise they are inferior to some and superior to many. "The Moon of Montezuma", "The Lamp of Memory", and "Music From the Dark" seem to be the best of the six. The other three are defective in either storytelling, simpaton hero-itis or just plain interest.

IMMORTALITY, INC. - Robert Sheckley, Bantam Books, New York, 1959, #A1991, 152pp 35¢, 72,000 words.

This is the bok which Sheckley wrote about to the reviewers asking that it not be reviewed in its hard-cover edition. Instead he asked that they wait for the Bantam edition. See the Nov 59 ASF for P. Schuyler Miller's reactions. It originally appeared as a four-part novelet, "Time Killer" in Galaxy and then was further abridged as an Avalon Book (Immortality Delivered). The Bantam edition is the most satisfactory of them all. This also marks one of the few times that a paperback version has been longer than the hardcover.

Tom Blaine is killed in a New Jersey highway accident during 1958 and immediately chronokineticized into the year 2110. The Rex Corporation, manufacturers of power systems for time machines, immortality devices, etc, is planning

to use Blaine as a publicity stunt. Rex's mind is changed by its head after a conference with his dead grandfather. So Blaine is turned loose into a world where reincarnation, poltergeists, zombies and so on are scientific, commonplace nuisances.

How he makes his way in such a future is the gist of the story. The matter-of-fact treatment of the occult is one of the major virtues of the book. Sheckley does not get up on a soapbox shouting, "You must believe or else!". The book is very carefully plotted, how much so you will realize by the end. The bones of the plot didn't show to this reviewer until very near to the end. The ending is very nearly perfect, marred only by a slight stretching of the credulity concerning the character of Marie Thorne. We never see enough of her to make her come fully alive. Some of the other persona such as the zombie, "Smith", are more fully alive than she.

While the characterization is weak at points and there is a faint air of unbelievability give it a try; for 35¢ there isn't too much to lose, except your sense of wonder.

SEED OF LIGHT - Edmund Cooper, Ballantine, N.Y., 1959, 35¢, 5 to 159 pp, #327K, 70,000 words.

Cooper's second novel is as interesting as his Deadly Image but not in the same fashion. The hero of the book is not any one person but rather mankind. And thus people become subordinate to events. We are presented with man's response to his own suicide. This then is the story of man's search for a new Eden without the serpent of man's hatred of man.

Cooper begins with the world after an atomic war which is beginning to regain manned satellites. We see the near destruction of the world through various eyes. The next step is the construction of spaceships to carry man to the stars. The Solarian is constructed in the domed city, Europe Three. Symbolism rears its head here. Instead of constructing the Solarian in a bunker outside the city it is built under the dome. The takeoff of the Solarian means the end of the city unless the inhabitants cooperate on sealing the puncture. And so the old dies to give birth to the new.

The rest of the book chronicles man's quest for a habitable solar system. The search extends for nearly a millenium and assumes near-Stapledonian proportions. However, Cooper is not writing a second Star Maker. He combines Stapledon's awareness of humanity as a long-lived entity with more attention to character than was usual with Stapledon.

Despite some pseudo-scientific gobbledegook Seed of Light is worth reading. Cooper is not at his best here but then anyone attempting to tell the story he has presented will run into difficulties.

SECRET OF THE LOST RACE - Andre Norton, 5-132 pp, 48,000 words (with) ONE AGAINST HERCULUM - Jerry Sohl, 5-124 pp, 45,000 words, abridged, Ace Books, D-381, 1959, 35¢.

Norton holds down the better half of this book with a well-written and convincing, if somewhat predictable, story of a boy who was shanghaiied to the planet Fenris just ahead of a conglomeration of secret agents searching for him.

The lower depths of the Port of N'Yok begin the story with the perhaps inevitable corruption accompanying large-scale trade. From there we follow Joktar to the frozen hell of Fenris. He manages to escape and survive under conditions that would give Douglas Mawson pause.

From there on he is involved in a tangled web of intrigue as the non-Company men try to break the company's stranglehold on Fenris.

Jerry Sohl's clunker is expanded from a short story in the Jan 58 Science Fiction Adventures. Herculum is Station Herculum, an outpost which serves

merely as a crossroads (pp. 9 & 15). Resources are valuable (p. 15). Apparently human beings are not considered valuable since murder is approved (pp 23, 24-25, 26 & 63-64) as a safety valve for emotion.

Alan Demuth is trying to be upgraded but the chief of testing is his old "friend" from prep school on Earth, Jack Bohannen, who is after his percentage. If you want a job commensurate with your abilities Bohannen must be paid his ten percent or you find yourself in the routine jobs. Demuth refuses to pay off like the noble, virtuous young man he is and then complains to the Status Chief. The Status Chief has heard the same story so many times with such a degree of unbelief that he declares, "It's almost a prevalent psychosis." (p. 28). So naturally Demuth leads a rebellion to convince the Status Chief that he and his fellow malcontents are the noble, virtuous young men they claim to be.

Throw in some remarks about Vegans, Aquairians and Altairians being "emancipated from their galaxies." (p 14); 'metallic' androids (p 58) and Demuth's excuse for his low scores 'space fever' (pp 17 & 27) and the story loses whatever little credulity it had ever built up. The entire farce is about as unmotivated as a perpetual motion machine.

THE SEVENTH DAY - Hans Hellmut Kirst, Doubleday, New York, 1959, \$4.95, 9-424pp. 175,000 words.

Kirst is the author of the Gunner Asch trilogy. They spanned the years from just before the Second World War to the close of the war. The books showed the futility of the German effort and the quality of the people who waged the war for the Reich. Now Kirst has turned his spotlight on both sides in today's cold war. He shows people in all walks of life, from those who guide policy, to those people who take no interest in politics.

In giving us a panorama of the last six days of humanity character development has been de-emphasized. The book is a novel of events and to a lesser extent, ideas and character drawing. Some of the reviewers in the daily press point this out as a defect. Whether or not the book is defective as literature is immaterial. Kirst has a message and his technique heightens the impact. We see exactly what may (and probably will) happen in the case of open hostilities.

From the events of the sixth day:

He ran toward her with swiftly hurrying steps. Their eyes met in a ray of pure blissfulness. They were only two yards apart. At that moment it was if they were in the center of the sun. A ball of fire enfolded them and in a fraction of a second they were burned to ashes.

From page 197 comes a quotation which sums up the book:

"Has Herr Engel enemies?" asked Constance.

"Not more or less than any one of us," said Friebe, "and just like any one of us, he can suddenly acquire a few million enemies at the bidding of some government."

The Seventh Day was published under the title Keiner Kommt Davon (Nobody Get's Away) in Germany during 1957. It is quite excellent for seeing the cold war as seen from the viewpoint of someone living under the shadow of Juggernaut.

OSSIAN'S RIDE - Fred Hoyle, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1959, 207 pp, \$3.00, 70,000 words.

Hoyle has stepped down from the heights of astronomy to present us with his second sf novel. If you miss the sense of wonder try the Black Cloud (for sf according to Hoyle).

The present work bears a strong resemblance to some of John Buchan's works, particularly the ones in which Hannay, etc. spent their time dodging from dale

to dale in the Highlands. Hoyle's hero, when stranded on Inishvickillane, finds himself remembering the scene in Kidnapped where David Balfour is apparently marooned on the Isle of Earraid. And in each case the motive and solution are identical. Fortunately for everyone's sense of wonder Hoyle has gone beyond Stevenson and Buchan in this novel.

The story takes place in the Eire of 1970. Eire is largely controlled by the Industrial Corporation Eire, I.C.E., which has made Eire into the world's foremost scientific and technological power in the period of twelve years. They have their headquarters in County Kerry. The source of the title may be found on page six: "the central peninsula of Kerry..where Ossian is said to have once ridden over the western mountains to the Land of Youth." The peculiar significance of the title will be discovered as you read.

Thomas Sherwood, graduate in mathematics from Cambridge, is picked to go to Eire and penetrate the I.C.E.. Tom meets up with agents of the various factions from the beginning. Considering himself a suspicious sort he makes inferences from the start. And the problem in novels of intrigue is not absent, who can be trusted? Tom learns by the trial and error method. By the time he reaches Kerry from Dublin there is room for plenty of errors. The recounting of these make most of the book.

Matching your wits against Hoyle is quite a bit of fun. Various clues as to the why and how of I.C.E. are scattered through the book. Tom is doing the same thing with one advantage, Hoyle has concealed some of the clues from the reader.

NO TIME LIKE TOMORROW - Brian W. Aldiss, Signet Books, N.Y., 1959, #S1683, 35¢, 7-160 pp.

The volume contains a representative sample of Aldiss ranging from such excellent stories as "Judas Danced" (Star Science Fiction, Jan 58, Science Fantasy #27, Feb 58) with its neurotic protagonist combating the peculiar legal and social structure of his age; "The New Father Christmas" (F&SF, Jan 58) with its automated world dominating the humans (for the other side of the coin try Philip K. Dick's "Autofac" Galaxy, Nov 55) and "Our Kind of Knowledge" (New Worlds #36, Jun 55) with the Terrans who can no longer be bothered with a Galactic War.

The routine is represented by "Not For An Age" with a family snatched out of time, "The Failed Men" (Science Fantasy, #18, May 56) which doesn't make its Stapledonian theme come off, "Carrion Country" (New Worlds #77, Nov 58) which is just another problem in alien ecology, "Outside" another alien-in-human body story, "Gesture of Farewell" (New Worlds, #61, Jul 57) another planetary rehabilitation yarn with the stock ingredients and "Blighted Profile" (Science Fantasy #29, Jun 58) which is lacking in motivation and buildup for the ending.

The fillers are composed of "T" (Nebula, #18, Nov 56), "Poor Little Warrior" (F&SF Apr 58) and "Psychlops" (New Worlds #49 Jul 56).

Aldiss is still developing, the present collection might have had some better stories in it.

MAN OF MANY MINDS - E. Everett Evans, Pyramid Books, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York, # G458, 5-192 pp, 35¢, 1959, 72,000 words.

This Pyramid edition lacks a statement as to whether or not it is complete and unabridged. It seems to be about 4,000 words shorter than the 1953 Fantasy Press edition and is lacking the introduction by E. E. Smith.

This is the competent story of George Harlon who is caught cheating during final exams and eliminated from the Inter-Stellar Corps. This is a mere cover-up for his entrance into the Secret Service.

He has latent psi powers which he practices with on his way to Simonides, the Federation's wealthiest planet. George learns how to handle animals and to also make emotional but not intellectual contact with a few people. The SS suspects a plot on Simonides but is unable to find out any information. So Harlon

practices with psi.

The book is not quite up adult sf standards but it is more than the usual juvenile. Shelve it along with your Heinlein and Norton teenage books.

Let's hope that Pyramid sees fit to bring out the sequel, Alien Minds.

THE SIRENS OF TITAN - Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Dell First Editions, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, New York, 1959, #B138, 35¢, 7-319pp., 88,000 words.

Vonnegut returns to sf with this curious novel. Winston Niles Rumfoord, wealthy member of Newport, Rhode Island, upper stratas, enters a 'chrono-synclastic infundibula' (some sort of space-time warp) to become a series of standing waves between the sun and Betelgeuse. The earth enters a node every 59 days, Mars every 111 days, Mercury every 14 days and Titan is apparently always at a node. Rumfoord claims to co-exist with all time between Sol and Betelgeuse and thus is able to predict the future with great accuracy.

And so Rumfoord materializes one hour during each node. After nine years he invites Malachi Constant, the richest man in America, to an interview. Here he predicts that Constant will take a Grand Tour of Mars, Mercury, earth and finally Titan. Constant is determined not to go but is shanghaied by the Army of Mars. From here on the story becomes even more bizarre.

The Army of Mars is for the purpose of invading Earth and being defeated. This is supposed to cause such remorse that people will join in the Brotherhood of Man. While they are being defeated, Constant, minus most of his memories, is on his way to Mercury for three years of captivity. He returns to Earth to fulfill a prophecy of Rumfoord's. From there he is on his way to Titan where Rumfoord is in permanent existence.

The book lacks motivation most of the way through until the climax is reached where the pieces fall into place. The style is reminiscent of recent Bester. The whole book is what has been called 'the idiot plot' but with reason in this case. The work is so peculiar that the only way to settle the question of whether or not you will like it is to read the novel.

THE WAR AGAINST THE RULL - A. E. van Vogt, Simon & Schuster, Rockefeller Center, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York, 1959, \$3.50, 6-192 pp. 71,000 words.

van Vogt has created an abomination in this book. He has taken five short stories and rewritten them into a "novel". The shorts have been ruined in the process. The effect is that of seeing a grasshopper, minus a leg, desperately trying for an objective, but lacking the co-ordination. Books have been written with everything but the kitchen sink. Here is a whole collection of kitchen sinks.

Chapters 1 to 4 contain a butchered version of "Co-operate or Else!", ASF Apr 42 and The Outer Reaches. The original point of the story as stated in the title is completely lost. The story has become an anti-climactic episode.

Chapters 6 & 7 are a slightly different version of "Repetition", ASF Apr 40. The original had nothing to do with rulls, ezvals, or Jamieson. Instead it was the story of Thomas, high minister of Earth, and Bartlett, colonist on Europa, as Bartlett tries to kill Thomas during a period of Mars-Earth tension. Thomas has been converted into Jamieson, Bartlett into Mrs. Whitman and Europa into a moon of Carson's planet, home of the ezvals. The original was van Vogt's third published sf story and one of his weakest. It hasn't been improved and serves only to pad the story length.

Chapters 8 to 13 are an expanded version of "The Second Solution", ASF Oct 42, Away and Beyond. Perhaps this section comes through better than any of the others despite the desperate padding.

Chapters 14 to 19 are "The Sound", ASF, Feb 50 & Destination Universe. The original concerned the Yevd whose characteristics are now imparted to the rull. Diddy is now Jamieson's son and Veda his wife. The original was a slight piece

of mechanistic mood rather than story and it remains the same. Again this episode is used merely for padding.

Chapters 21 to 25 are "The Rull" ASF May 48 & Travelers In Space. "The Rull" hasn't suffered from a too extensive rewrite. The original impact has been lost, nevertheless. Chapter 20 dragged in the Ploians whose only function is to sit around and act as a prop.

Overall the book is a disappointment. In trying to tie the stories into a novel van Vogt has left loose ends dangling around by the bushel. It evokes a picture of van Vogt trying to herd jackrabbits on foot. Go back to the original stories and read them, don't bother with the book.

SCIENCE FICTION SHOWCASE - ed. by Mary Kornbluth, Doubleday, N.Y., 1959, 9-264pp. \$3.50.

This is the long-awaited C. M. Kornbluth memorial volume. Frederik Pohl does a brief note as introduction.

The contents are Damon Knight's curiously convincing "Ticket To Anywhere", Galaxy, Apr 52, with the slight storyline, the immense scope of a galactic-wide network of matter transmitters left by long-ago aliens, the hero's search for inner peace, for something better than the insane Earth of Knight's novel, Hell's Pavement.

Theodore Sturgeon is represented with a non sf or fantasy, "That Low", Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Oct 48. It is one of Sturgeon's early attempts at the stylism which later became identified with More Than Human. Perhaps it is better left unread if you are expecting polished Sturgeon.

Avram Davidson's "Or the Grasses Grow" F&SF Nov 58 is an enjoyable picture of a modern Indian reservation and what came of the U.S. Government's treaty breaking.

Frederik Pohl's "The Man Who Ate the World" Galaxy Nov 56 is one of those stories which made many people intensely dislike Galaxy. Here we have social standing determined by lack of wealth and the amount of consumption accomplished by each person. In addition there are such ridiculous statements as "It was possibly the most densely populated island in the world...for the number of its inhabitants." (p. 70).

It is refreshing to turn to Poul Anderson's "The Long Remembering" F&SF Nov 57. This is a plotless bit of mood concerning the man whose mind was projected back to the days when the Neanderthal men were disappearing and the Cro-Magnon were overrunning the earth.

Ray Bradbury's "The End of the Beginning" (Next Stop: the Stars") Maclean's 1956, is a typical Bradbury of the people watching the younger generation off to the stars.

James Blish's "A Work of Art" ("Art-Work") Science Fiction Stories, Jul 56 is well-done and convincing in its picture of the resurrection of Richard Strauss in a world of canned music with mechanical and near-mechanical composition.

Jack Williamson's "The Cold Green Eye" Fantastic Mar-Apr 53 tells of the American boy raised in Tibet who is sent to his aunt in Kansas. How he resists what his aunt considers the true path of salvation makes the story.

Murray Leinster has the longest story in the book, "Med Service" ASF Aug, 57. This is another one of the landing grid stories which began with "Sand Doom" and have resulted in the 'colonial survey' and 'med service' stories. As is usual with Leinster's sf this one is written in the 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10 style which might be compared with a movie travelogue shot from a train window. Events move forward at an even pace with the utter inevitableness of the Nebraska prairie.

Philip K. Dick's "Expendable" F&SF Jul 53 concerns itself with one man who became aware of the million-year war between the ants and their allies on the one hand and man and his allies, the spiders, birds and toads. Not the best Dick but one of the earliest and in its way an effective bit of storytelling.

Richard Matheson's "Mantage" (an apparent original) has a hero who finds

self living a cosmic film script. The storytelling outdoes the story but it is worth reading for Matheson's ability to create vivid impressions.

Robert Bloch's "Nightmare Number Four" is a bitter satire in verse of advertising when it discovers a means of building ads in thin air.

The only poor story in the lot is Pohl's, the rest are passable to excellent. Better selections might have been made but the original contract under which these stories were purchased didn't lend itself to having good stories.

TIME OUT OF JOINT - Philip K. Dick, J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia & New York, 1959, 7-221 pp, \$3.50, 77,000 words.

Lippincott seems to feel that the author's titles aren't good enough, witness Poul Anderson's "We Have Fed Our Sea" which Lippincott published as The Enemy Stars. The original title of Dick's book was "Biography In Time" under which title it was scheduled as a serial in Infinity and will appear in New Worlds as Time Out of Joint. By subtitling their sf as "Novels of Menace" the publishers are able to raise the price and increase sales.

The book is tightly plotted from start to finish as Ragle Gumm, who earns his living solving a newspaper contest called "Where Will the Little Green Man Be Next?", slowly realizes that things do not quite jibe around him. Various objects dissolve into nothingness leaving behind a slip of paper with the name of the object printed on it, e.g. "FACTORY BUILDING". Gumm finally decides that 'time is out of joint' and bends his efforts to learning who is doing the dis-jointing and why.

Some of the details are thrown in without being justified. For example there is no explanation for the off-year presidential election on page 201, for the non-standard call-letters on page 84 or for the slips of paper themselves. These discrepancies can be explained on the basis that Dick wrote the novel faster than he had ever done before. In spite of this the novel is literally one of menace and one that will keep you reading until the last page.

PERISH BY THE SWORD - Poul Anderson, Macmillan Co., N.Y., 1959, 180 pp, \$3.50, 58,000 words.

'Then Jesus said to him, "Put your sword back into its place; for all who take the sword will perish by the sword..."'.

As the book advertises it is the recipient of the \$2,000 Cock Robin Mystery Award. And as readers of Anderson's know well, he is fully deserving of such success. The mystery novel's cast of cardboard characters are elsewhere, in their place we have real people. The local color and characterization give the book its extra flavor.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE SPACESHIP - Arthur C. Clarke, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1959, 212 pp., \$3.50.

Clarke presents a collection of articles rewritten from various sources. They have been brought up-to-date and correlated to form a more harmonious whole, but with a certain amount of repetition.

The topics range from space travel's impact on society, future tourism to space stations, the moon and Mars as seen through then-contemporary eyes, a plea for interstellar trips, meteors, the star of Bethlehem, the reasons why we haven't been visited from outer space, the sun, weather control, muscle-powered flight, a third plea for space travel, an inquiry into the meaning of thought, parallels between skin diving and space travel, a spoof on current theories regarding life on Mars, only this time it's the Martians speculating on Earth and telling why, despite their sf writers, life on Earth is impossible, lecturing experiences, flying saucers, selenography, radio astronomy and a fourth plea for

space travel.

For those of you who are interested in more than just sf this book is a must of a sort. The topics are familiar. Clarke's wit shows through the pages and makes the articles more interesting than many a sf story. Unfortunately there are very few references to guide the reader onward.

FANCYCLOPEDIA II - Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia, 1959, 190 pp, cardboard covers, limited to 450 copies, \$1.25.

Eney has completely updated Speer's # 1 of 1944. Everything is covered from null-A under A TO zombie. One of the few criticisms to make is that voiced by Ackerman and Ellik that Eney was forced to judge fandom largely by the amount of publishing any one fan or club did and thus various clubs are misrepresented to certain degrees and/or ignored. The latter may be a matter of space since this is not the Encyclopedia Britannica. Another difference is that Eney and his contributors aren't taking themselves as seriously as the Britannica. This results in such entries as:

FEMMEFANS Explaining everything is contrary to our philosophy of education.

or

Tho the most stfnal weapon, the death ray, never left the laboratory (refer to any physics text for the explanation), a large number of other devices first "developed" by science-fictional military establishments are now the property of mundane ones; ((from WEAPONS))

FOUR FROM PLANET 5 - Murray Leinster, Gold Medal Books, Greenwich, Conn., 1959 5-160 pp., 35¢, 57,000 words.

The four from planet five are four children who have come from the distant past as advance scouts for their civilization. The fifth planet is about to become asteroids with resulting inconvenience for the inhabitants. So they choose to flee to the far future where the effects of the destruction will no longer be felt. Unfortunately the world objects to being invaded, even by four nice kids. They must survive in a hostile world with the aid of those who discovered them and marooned them in our times.

If not an exciting novel it is quite competent as is usual with Leinster, buy it for a rainy afternoon.

PLANET IN PERIL - John Christopher, Avon Book Division, The Hearst Corporation, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York 19, New York, 1959, 9-159 pp, 35¢, 50,000 words.

This book claims to be "An Avon Original" but correct me if I'm wrong, it seems to be The Year of the Comet which was a hard-cover in England about '55 or '56 and then reprinted by Satellite in Aug 57.

In the year of the comet the world is divided between the managerials, Atomics, Telecom, etc. and Siraqi, an independent capitalistic state in the Near East. Dai Hamayun, a Siraqi working for United Chemical, discovers a means of obtaining power from irradiated diamonds. Since Christopher, under the name of C. S. Youd was once editor of a technical magazine devoted to diamond research the doubletalk is competent. He disappears, his assistant does likewise and then the assistant's father joins the act. Charles Grayner, who has fallen in love with the assistant, spends the rest of the book searching for the vanished trio. Grayner is a comparative non-entity while the real hero seems to be Hiram Dinkuhl, the last capitalist left among the managerials. This division of interest plays havoc with the story, but it will do to kill time.

THE WORLD SWAPPERS - John Brunner, 5-153pp, 46,000 words (bound with) SIEGE OF THE UNSEEN - A. E. van Vogt, 5-103pp. 30,000 words (Abridged), Ace D-391, 35¢

The van Vogt half was originally "The Chronicler", ASF, Oct-Nov 56 and Five Science Fiction Novels, ed. by Martin Greenberg. This is the story of Michael Slade who finds that he has a third eye and uses it to penetrate another plane of existence. This other plane is the scene of combat between two immortals who represent the vampires on one hand and the next stage of evolution on the other. There is not enough room for van Vogt to really complicate matters so the story remains relatively simple and relatively uninteresting. It is too long for the development. Since the original isn't at hand no comparisons can be made as to how the two versions differ.

The World Swappers shows signs of abridgment in the opening chapters, the background is rather sketchy and is never filled in. There are such good touches as the Ymirans, who believe their existence on an ice-bound planet is a trial of faith. The hero, Said Counce, is probably quite an interesting fellow but he is too busy zipping around the galaxy via matter transmitter (which he invented) to stop and come into focus. Immortality (also discovered by Said Counce), power politics and aliens are woven into a light entertainment. It's good space opera and recommended as such.

STARSHIP TROOPERS - Robert A. Heinlein, G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1959, 11-309 pp, 96,000 words, \$3.95.

This originally appeared as "Starship Soldier", F&SF, Oct-Nov 59, a 47,000 word novelet.

The book is not a novel except by generous stretching of the term. Rather, it is a fictionalized essay on the general subject of man's duty to his fellow man. In between dissertations on various subjects we are treated to life as seen by Juan Rico as he goes through basic training, field combat in the Mobile Infantry, Officer's Candidate School and further combat. The book is an expert synthesis of philosophy and fiction with the fiction taking a back seat in importance. The entire book is written with Heinlein's unsurpassed skill for realism in sf, you are actually part of Rico as he progresses through the military. Heinlein's worlds are politically dominated by veterans, not soldiers, not civilians, but veterans. The direct and further implications of this sort of government are rather thoroughly discussed.

While the magazine version was a juvenile by courtesy, if nought else, the book will probably lose the average teenager. The teenager who doesn't rebel will be the one who already reads sf. So with a new publisher, a new price and more abstract themes Heinlein has left the niche behind that he carved out for himself in the juvenile field. Perhaps this was inevitable, start with Rocket Ship Galileo and read onwards and you will find that his juveniles were evolving into adult novels.

Not since Talbot Mundy's Old Ugly Face has there been such a synthesis of philosophy and plot which has come off so well. If nothing else buy the book for the purpose of starting arguments.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

*Good Science Fiction -- Where Is It?" - Damon Knight's Detention speech
"Arkham House Enters Its Third Decade" - August Derleth
The Mezentian Gate, a review by Poul Anderson
plus special reviews of Rohmer and Lovecraft by Roy Hunt
cover by Morris Scott Dollens
more letters from you, etc.

AMRA, Box 682, Stanford, California, 20¢/1, \$2/10, irregular (close to monthly), Multilithed.

#5 is mailed with a protective cover which serves to cover Barr's pic from eyetracks. If anyone has copies of E. R. Eddison's works besides The Worm Ouroboros Amra would like to borrow them. Bjorn Nyberg leads off with a possible solution to the Mystery of What Conan Did With His Women and possibly how Howard learned of the Hyborian Age. Some interesting letters give further info on the background of Conan. A woman tells her opinion of Conan and women. John Boardman delves into Eddison's Mercury. de Camp has another instalment of the exegesis of Conan. The interesting contents plus the artwork make the mag worthwhile even if you're not interested in Conan.

#6 has an excellent article by Fritz Leiber on Theosophy and its relations with sf, particularly Burroughs' Mars tales. More research on the subject is needed as Leiber is first to admit. The last instalment of de Camp's exegesis is presented. Scithers goes into the background of the Italian movie, Hercules, to point up some inadequacies of the plot.

#7 has some artwork which stands heads and shoulders over the previous issues. George Barr is responsible for much of the gain. The editorial considers adding other heroes to Amra's coverage. Howard is represented with a filler describing a bazaar which is magnificently illustrated by Barr. Robert E. Briney goes further into Eddison's mythos. Dick Eney points out some inaccuracies in "The Informal Blog..." which appeared in Vol. 2, #4. de Camp has a book review and Derleth writes to say that less than 100 copies of Skull Face and Others remain.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS - Elinor Busby, Box 92, 920 Third Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington, 25¢/1, 5/\$1.00, 12/\$2.00, free for contribution, published letter of comment or knowing the editor.

#129 has Pemberton on prozines, Weber on Minutes, Meyers, Brown & Lichtman on fanzines, Gerber on books and the readers on letters. The especial features of this ish are "Eustace S. Plunkett's" satire on last ish's "Fandom Harvest" in which Carr extolled the virtues of the various TAFF candidates (not excluding himself). The adjectives are swung like Conan mowing down the enemy. Read it. "Parker Sheaffer" has a Robert Service-inspired epic of fandom in "The Shooting of Fan McGhu". Another must.

#131 has Alcatraz Q. Leavenworth's "Who's Got the Focal Point?" which 'proves' by means of mathematics which is the best fanzine, another "Fandom Harvest" by T. Carr with more glimpses of his fabulous friends, the inside story of Cryday by Buz, another Berry story, slightly different from usual, and a letter-col with Raeburn, Carr, Franson, Willis, Wells, Parker, Lowndes, Lichtman, White Mercer & Moffatt.

#132 has illoes by Bjo (cover), ATom, Terry Carr, Les Nirenberg, Steve Stiles & Tim Buck. Pemberton has the last instalment of the prozine reviews,

Terry Carr does an improved version of the Little Tailor plot with "Another Pygmalion", John Berry has the first fine instalment of "The Goon Goes West". Weber does a Detention report. Mansion Cottage (a house name, obviously) works the Little Tailor to the bone with "The Yo-Yo of Fortune", Terry Carr goes into the ramifications of cereal fandom (which is bound to start from the offer of a hekto from Rice Krispies), the education of his wife from a neofan and the trials and tribulations of getting a Solaconreport from Burbee. Weber hides the light of Seattle under a bushel of minutes. A crowded lettercol bulks out the ish.

#133 leads off with an ATom cover showing the cosmic garbage collector riding our skies of some of that junk the world has been orbiting lately. John Berry continues "The Goon Goes West" in a whimsical, realistic way. Interesting from beginning to end is John. An editorial blasting the Faircon is presented. T. Carr has a do-it-yourself cartoon column with the opportunity of captioning cartoons by Trina, ATom, Rotsler and Bjo. Nirenberg tells of a visit by Andy Young to Toronto. Don Franson substitutes for Pemberton's prozine reviews. Weber does in the lettercol.

#134 has a cover from Planut Stories executed by Don Franson. "The Goon Goes West" carries Berry from New York to the Detention, over 33 pages of top-grade Berry writing, a fine "Pandom Harvest" going into the Bheer Can Tower to the Moon mythos, Franson again having "A Few Little Digs" at the prozines and a not so bulky lettercol (this is supposed to be taken care of next ish.)

FANAC - Terry Carr, 70, Liberty Street, San Francisco 10, California or Ron Ellik, 1909 Francisco Street, Apt. #6, Berkeley 9, California, free for comment, trade or news, otherwise 4/25¢, 9/50¢ (subs discouraged).

#42 notes that Ackerman is retiring from agenting, Kyle is having troubles again with the WSFS, The Best of Brandon to appear, On the Beach & The Lost World to be filmed, etc. ((Oops, #41 omitted, take care of that right now.))

#41 has a Westercon XII report by Ellik, Ted Johnstone to actually publish the Willis Papers, Hitchcock to film Bloch's Psycho, etc., etc.

#43 has a full page cartoon by Trina Castillo heralding the winning of this year's Hugo for best fanzine by Fanac. ATom has a heading cartoon poking fun at dragon slayers. Dick Eney covers the Detention highlights. The "Ostracize G.M. Carr" movement is started, the WSFA is planning a sercon subzine (write Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia), Les Gerber is planning to re-print Willis' The Enchanted Duplicator, Harry Warner, Jr. is being victimized by someone (guess who) writing letters under his name and so on.

#44 reports on the Silly Season, including a Pakistaneer being eaten by a tiger, the down-with-G.M. Carr movement is gaining momentum. The Incompleat Burbee is still in print, Djinn Faine married Gordon R. Dickson, for sure it seems. Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tennessee has fanzines for sale, write for a list. Tucker has a new sf novel on its way to Rinehart.

#45 has a Metzger cartoon parodying focal points, Jean Linard is hospitalized, Ted White plans on going semi-gafia, Willis & Shaw have sold a pun to IF, (Jan 60), Dick Eney reports that ASF has bought Doc Smith's new novel sight unseen. The WSFA is coming along with their sercon zine, The Golden Gate Futurian Society has been revived, write Ellik for info, Bill Meyers has officially gafiated, if anyone knows of any Morgan Botts stories, SFC Arthur H. Rapp, RA 36886935, FB, 1st Msl Bn, 40th Artry, Fort Bliss, Texas is looking for some to anthologize, Shelby Vick has been married, Bloch is in Hollywood. For most of the news, all the time, get Fanac. Warning, your local newsstand is probably sold out so send to either Carr or Ellik for a copy.

GIMBLE #1, Ted Johnstone, 1503 Rollins St., South Pasadena, California, free for comment (rider with Fanac).

A barbaric age story, explanation of the background and a map of the scene make up the mag. The unique thing about the barbaric age is that it takes place on a gigantic spaceship in the year 2348. The spaceship is replete with mountains, deserts, seas, principalities of various sorts, etc. all derived from

various authors.

Watch for #2, perhaps matters will improve.

PROFANITY #6, Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona Street, Tampa 9, Florida, trade, contribution, letter of comment, no subs, sample copy 15¢.

This ish's photocover shows F. E. Katte, Joe Lee Sanders, Paul Turner, Len Moffatt and Alan Dodd for the benefit of those curious as to what some fen look like. Somehow, a table of contents was omitted which makes it hard to search the mag for what you want. Edgar Allen Pogo disserts on beatniks and tobacco, Pelz does a tune to Heinlein's "Grand Canal", Berry has a slightly below standard story, "A Bee In His Bonnet", Rich Brown has some blank verse involving Burbee, Perdue & Condra. Len Moffatt has an article on con-going, George Locke has a Cheltenham conreport. Al Andrews reviews After the Rain & The Tide Went Out, Buck Coulson reviews fanzines, and then there is a 21 page lettercol with mucho goodies. On the whole the mag is good, try a copy.

PSI PHI #4, Arv Underman, 5304 S. Sherbourne Drive, Los Angeles 56, California, available for trades, contributions, letters of comment or money (1/15¢, 4/50¢), slick paper, dittoed.

This ish boasts a cover by Ted White, dual editorials by the two-headed editorial staff and art by Adkins, Cameron, Nirenberg, Sanders and Underman. The highlight of the ish is a Conreport by Weber written in a style which has been cribbed from so many sources as to become unique. Ted Johnstone has Part III of "The Greatest Movie Ever Made". This part has a revised listing of the cast for The Lords of the Ring and the selections to be used for the sound track. Len Moffatt satirizes fanzine reviews by Burbee, Johnstone, Sneary, Fields, Brown and Moffatt. Very well done. Rog Ebert has some confused and contradictory book reviews. These could use some editing. Ted Pauls starts out to classify humor and never finishes. Lewis Baker has what seems to be a serious plea for FAPA to race the world powers to the moon. Les Nirenberg competently translates "Rumplestiltskin" into fanese. Art Rapp's words for "The Beer Song" are reprinted from Spacewarp. The next ish will be the First Annish costing 35¢ to non-subscribers and will have 65 to 80 pages.

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES, Science Fiction Times, Inc., P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, New York, 10¢/1, \$2.00/20, \$2.40/yr, \$15.00/forever.

#317 is dated Second June 1959 and brings us up to the end of May. We learn that a new fantasy zine is coming, that Fantastic plans to become Fantastic Science Fiction Stories, that Web Detective Stories has dropped Saturn from its title, what Arkham House plans to print for the next few years (incidentally they goofed on The Hound of Tindalos and Skull Face and Others), forecasts of the pro mags, that Don Tuck's A Handbook of Science Fiction and Fantasy is out for \$6.50.

#'s 318, 319, & 320

A nationwide printing strike paralyzed British pro mags, the 20th anniversary of the first world con is celebrated with reprints from New Fandom, Ray van Houten is married, an obit for Satellite and some Detention news make up the bulk of the news.

#'s 321 & 322

The boys are catching up with the news. We learn why Galaxy had the 35¢ price tag, a predeath obituary on Super-Science Fiction, forthcoming books from Ace, forecasts of the mags, Detention news, a fugeheaded editorial boosting New York for the World-Con in '64 (this is not the 25th Worldcon, It would upset the rotation plan, it is planned for the 4th of July and in conjunction with a hypothetical World's Fair, etc.)

HUGO GERNSBACK: Father of Science Fiction - Sam Moskowitz, Criterion Linotyping & Printing Co., Inc., New York, 1959, no price listed, enclosed with S-F

Times, 32pp, ill.

This slick paper booklet commemorates Gernsback's 75th birthday, as well as his many years of achievement in the publishing of sf and electronic mags. SaM has done a good job here in highlighting the many years of Gernsback's life.

#323 is an occasion. (They've managed to put out two issues in one month.) This ish reports that Pitts It in '60, that the Hugos went to Blish's A Case of Conscience, Simak's "The Big Front Yard", Bloch's "That Hell-Bound Train", Freas, F&SF & Fanac. There are details of the folding of Nebula, the sale of Street & Smith, etc.

#324 says that 15 fans have joined together to support the Faircon in '64, an editorial explains Science Fiction Stories policy regarding fans and urging $\frac{1}{2}$ of their readers to sit down and write to SFS commenting on stories and asking a fan column. A second editorial lambasts Fantastic Universe. Sture Stedolin has Scandinavian sf news, Roger Dard has Australian and Canadian sf news.

#'s 325 & 326 reports that James Blish will be Guest of Honor at the Pittcon, Atlas to pub BRE of F&SF, two pages of Detention photos by Walt Cole, Arkham House news, notes on Hammer Films by Arthur Jean Cox, an announcement by Campbell that ASF will change its name to Analog Science Fact Fiction, Australia has relaxed its ban on American pulps, F&SF is planning another "All-Star Issue", etc.

If S-F Times would speed up their schedule or admit that they are behind and never seem to catch up they might find more favor with fans. Until then the mag is one of the best sources of out-of-date news.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, 980 $\frac{1}{2}$ White Knoll Drive, Los Angeles, 12, California, 20¢/1, 6/\$1.00, letters of comment or trade, make out checks to Barney Bernard.

This ish contains a profile on the LASFS's perpetual treasurer, Barney Bernard, minutes by Ted Johnstone, Len Moffatt on music, Marijane Johnson on a visit to California, letters, verse by Rory Faulkner, stills from "The Genie" starring Forry Ackerman, Fritz Leiber & Bjo Wells, notice of the accident involving Al Lewis, Bjo, Djinn & Brad Carlson, Ellik's column, "The Squirrel Cage", fanzine reviews, an eulogy of E. E. Evans and Evans' never before published preface to The Planet Mappers.

#45 has a still from "The Genie" for a cover, Djinn has an editorial boosting Bjo for TAFF, Bjo does a guest editorial featuring human interest type chatter, Len Moffatt and Rick Sneary do profiles on each other, Marion Zimmer Bradley replies to Bob Bloch's article a few issues back on sf vs. fairy tales, Terry Carr presents "The Squirrel Cage Annex", once again exposing Ron Ellik. John Trimble reviews fanzines with increasing discernment, Ray Bradbury airs some of his views on his stories and approach to writing, Wally Weber presents a monster-sized Westcon report with guaranteed laughs on each page, and Bjo does a series of cartoons with a message, "Laugh, Laugh, until you Weep."

#46 has an Al Lewis editorial on the proposed Faircon which closes on the note of "New York in 1964 - maybe". John W. Campbell replies to Rick Sneary's open letter in #43 with some very telling points on the theme of "Progress Is Our Most Important Product", however, he seems to have avoided Sneary's arguments. Trimble is ever improving in his fanzine reviews. Bernard Cook reports on a visit by Glenn Lord and gives some interesting info on Robert E. Howard. The strained "Squirrel Cage" this ish is the result of considerable cutting by the Shaggy staff. Jock Root & Bruce Pelz inaugurate "Roasting Chestnuts", a review & criticism of the proz, next time should see more covered. The best part of the ish is the round-robin conreport by Jack Harness, John Trimble, Al Lewis, and Ted Johnstone which will be continued next month. A hefty lettercol rounds out the ish.

TWIG ILLUSTRATED, Guy E. Terwilleger, 1412 Albright Street, Boise, Idaho, 20¢/1, 6/\$1.00

#15 is the last ish to bear the "Illustrated" portion of the title and has art running rampant through the pages. Filling space between the illoes is an editorial regarding Ted White's attitudes towards Twig, Paul Wyszkowski saying very little about very much, Honey Wood discussing BNF vs. Neo vs. Cons in a fairly calm manner. Bob Leman with a satire on Lovecraft and Dracula, Bob Bloch on UFO's, Terry Carr with a very clever bit of faan-fiction wherein all faans find themselves in Hell, reviews and letters fill out the ish.

#16 still has quite a bit of artwork, by Barr, Rotsler with a series of clever cartoons plugging Terry Carr for TAFF, ATom, Cameron and Reamy have some more ghood work while Gilbert and Scithers have some fine illoes. Ted White authors "A Private Wailing Wall" wherein he seeks to put an end to the incipient feud between him and Terwilliger. The writing is good, the points clarify the subject and the whole article is entertaining. Rick Adams has a 'parody', "Tan-Man of the Dinasaurs" which somehow fails to jell. Miriam Carr contributes the human interest (pure type, like) which carries us back to her childish ambitions of becoming first a marine biologist and then a major-league umpire. As Ted White points out, Twig is evolving.

#17 (The Third Annish). Just to prove that the "Illustrated" part may be gone but not forgotten, Guy has art by Barr, Stiles, Payson, Rotsler, Gilbert, Frye, and Cameron, all well done and executed in multi-color ditto. Gregg Calkins goes into the current debacle in sf pubbing and concludes that we would be better off with only 3 prozines. Guy does a Westercon report which is good for a fresh viewpoint on a Con, Jim Caughran disposes of focal points, Berry has another good article on 'his' early schooldays, John Koning tries to write a future parable, Rod Frye has a serious doom story, Guy reviews fanzines and the lettercol finishes off the ish.

The Incompleat Burbee, 2nd Edition from: Ron Ellik, 1909 Francisco Street, #6 Berkeley 9, California. Around 100 pages of the best of Charles Burbee (and who could ask for more?) in a well mimoeed format. Only 75¢.

AMRA

Box 682

Stanford, California

A well-reproduced magazine featuring plenty of artwork by George Barr, Dan Adkins, Ray Capella, Jim Cawthorn, etc. with written material by Poul Anderson, L. Sprague de Camp, Fritz Leiber, and many more. The subject matter is at the present mainly devoted to Conan but material on any other hero of fantasy is quite welcome and is being featured with increasing frequency. Published close to monthly.

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J. Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Road, Berkeley 7, California (see page 40)
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EDITORIAL.....

It has been asked that an editorial appear in NF. The editorial staff is about as lazy as can be imagined but we strive to please. (This will be a lesson to those who want an editorial.)

Since it has also been asked that we say something about the Fitzroy Edition of Jules Verne, we will do so forthwith. These books might well have been subtitled Caveat Emptor. In the first place they are overpriced for books on which the copyright has expired. 12/6 is about the lower limit for first editions of current novels from the better publishers. Reprint editions such as these are usually priced about 5/- to 7/-. Furthermore, the publisher is trying to double his money by publishing most of Verne's novels in two parts at 12/6. The Secret of the Island and Dropped From the Clouds are merely two parts of The Mysterious Island. (The third part is split between the two books.) From the Earth to the Moon and Round the Moon are usually published in one volume. Tigers and Traitors and The Demon of Cawnpore are two parts of The Steam House. Into the Niger Bend and The City In the Sahara are two parts of The Barsace Mission. Since the latter has never been translated into English we must give the publishers credit for doing so even if they want to charge an exorbitant price. Michael Strogoff is abridged. If you haven't already done so you would be better off buying the Scribner edition.

Furthermore, art work has been requested for interior illustrations. A large number of people would rather have text than illoes but the illoes have outnumbered the anti-illoes lately. If everyone who wants some artwork will send us the name of the artist or artists they would like most to see in NF, we will see what can be done.

And with regard to the entire mag let's hear your opinions, both pro and con. To repeat a truism, "the mag exists only on the support of its readers". Do you have any additional features that you think would fit in NF? Some that come to mind are autobiographies of the authors with a bibliography of their works such as Day had in The Fanscient, a listing of forthcoming sf books, reviews of prozines as suggested by Barry in the lettercol (though this would be impractical without more frequent publication.)

Speaking of more frequent publication, would you like to see NF come out more often with a reduced number of pages and a reduced price?

Send a letter or postcard with your comments to New Frontiers, P.O. Box 35, Lowry AFB, Colorado.

J. Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Road, Berkeley 7, California (see page 40)

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FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, 1939 to 1941 except 10/41 @ 45¢ each. (Burroughs issues \$1)

AMAZING QUARTERLY, 1928, Summer, 1929 Fall \$1.50 each, 1940 Fall 75¢.

FANTASTIC NOVELS, 1940, Jul, Sep, 1941, Jan, Apr @ \$1.00 each.

FUTURE FICTION, 1939, Nov, 1940, Mar, Jul, @ 50¢ each.

SCIENCE FICTION 1939, Mar, Jun, Aug, Oct, Dec, 1940, Mar, Jun @ 50¢ each.

SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, 1940, #1, 1941, #2, #3, @75¢ each.

SCIENCE WONDER, 1929, Jul to Dec, 1930, Jan to Sep, Nov, Dec, 1931, Jan, Feb, Mar, May, Jun, Aug, Sep, Oct, 1932, Apr to Jul, Sep, Nov, Dec, 1933, Jan, Feb, Mar, Jun, Jul, Sep, Nov, Dec, 1934, All, 1935, All, 1936 All @ 75¢ each., 1937 to 1941 @45¢ each.

SUPER SCIENCE STORIES, 1940, Mar, May, Jul @ 75¢ each.

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BLUE BOOK - Ray Cummings, The Robot Rebellion 5/34 50¢; Wood, The Man Who Bombed the World, Pts. 1,2,3 of 4 \$1.25

ARGOSY - Pirates of Venus & Burn, Witch, Burn, 9/17/32 to 11/26/32, the set \$5.00
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Dennis Wheatley Pocketbooks:			
The Devil Rides Out	50¢	They Found Atlantis	50¢
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Strange Conflict	50¢	(from <u>Worlds Far From Here</u>)	
(these three are the <u>Black Magic Omnibus</u>)			

see pages 22, 36 and 39 for more books and magazines.